SICK SEX THRILLS – 21 XXX BABES SUFFER, SERVE AND SQUIRT

HUSTLER'S

TABOO®

DECEMBER 2012

PIERCED PET PLEADS
"I'LL DO ANYTHING IF YOU WHIP ME HARD ENOUGH!"

BOONDOCK BOUND
SWEATING SUB'S SUNBURNED STAKEOUT

DIRTY DOLL
DRILLED AND DRENCHED

RUBBER RAUNCH
LATEX LESBOS LASH AND SPLASH

WHIPPED WENCH BEGS FOR BONE

TRISTAN T'S
SPHINCTER SECRETS



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TABOO Editorial

STRICTLY SPEAKING

Ernest Greene, Executive Editor

We don't say enough nice things about The National Coalition for Sexual Freedom. As their mission statement says, "The NCSF aims to advance the rights of, and advocate for consenting adults in, the BDSM-Leather-Fetish, Swing and Poly-amory Communities." For a small, all-volunteer non-profit, they do a lot—maintaining a database of kink-aware professionals (doctors, lawyers and therapists who aren't squicked by what you need to see them for), lobbying tirelessly to get The American Psychiatric Association to quit classifying us as nut-jobs in their Diagnostic and Statistical Manual, and giving support to people who have lost their jobs, had their kids taken away or otherwise been persecuted because their private sex lives became public.

But of all NCSF's excellent work, none is more important than their Consent Counts project.

Even now, in many states, spanking, flogging, bondage and just about everything else we like can lead to arrest. Worse, the fact that those involved were consenting adults doesn't immunize them from prosecution. In fact, "NCSF's research of cases throughout the United States revealed that not a single appellate court decision has allowed consent as a defense to a BDSM-based criminal prosecution for assault, sexual abuse, etc.," according to the group's Web site.

Crazy as this sounds, it has happened and will happen again, which is why, NCSF tells us, "We have already begun reaching out to law enforcement, to legislators and to educators. In the coming year, we will be presenting continuing legal education (CLE) programs to lawyers, working with bar associations and law student groups, and participating selectively with 'friend of the court' briefs in legal cases. Further down the road is the development of grassroots activism to change state laws and law enforcement practices."

In this goal, NCSF needs our assistance as a community. They need us to help fund their activism and participate in their work. We owe them no less. Their site is *NCSFreedom.org*. Go there and lend a hand. They need us as much as we need them. Our freedom is at stake.

WRITE!

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AMI
REMOTE CONTROL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT



How long is the bastard going to keep her out here in the middle of nowhere? Until she learns not to scream so loudly. Splayed on the spavined couch, she can howl all she wants while he works her with the flogger. Her nips are already raw even before the clamps go on and he drags her over by the chain on her stiff posture collar to demonstrate her appreciation. Ami says something she shouldn't and ends up drooling around the ball-gag while he rubs his cock over her wet face instead of sucking him like a good girl. Now she gets the mean, perforated paddle that leaves those nasty, round welts. Okay, she'll be good, raising her rump and spreading her snatch for him. It's clumsy, doing this in shackles, and she's so sore from the paddle even a playful swat from his gloved hand stings, but Ami manages to keep quiet anyway. At least he's been keeping her well-hydrated out here in the sun, but now she needs to pee. Leaving the cuffs on, he makes her squat over a glass and holds her open so she can fill it. She calls him a sick fuck and he proves the point by pouring her acrid secretions down her throat. There's only one hole he wants open at the moment, using the dick-stick to pry it wide. Slit open, mouth shut. Ami can manage that, at least until the orgasms start. He's a mean SOB, but he sure knows how to get what he wants.















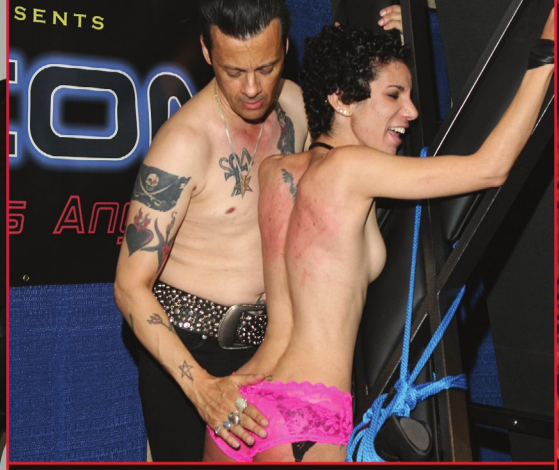














DOMCON TAKES CONTROL

PHOTOS BY GERRY KOEHLER

Thanks to the tireless efforts of Mistress Cyan, who began the event in 2004, Los Angeles DomCon once again brought together the elite of local pro dominas, subs and switches, along with their slaves, pets and friends, for a weekend mixing pleasure and business at their best. Workshops on everything from trampling to piercing to single-tail skills to latex maintenance to pony play to electro-stimulation provided opportunities to learn from the experts. But it was far from all work and no play at this always-entertaining fetish fete. There was also a Mistress Tea for high-protocol socializing, a sit-down dinner for Mistresses and slaves only, a play party for all the perveratti present to show off their best licks, and a grand ball, with fashion shows, dancing and dungeon doings late into the night at Sanctuary Studios LAX. Once again, Mistresses, Masters and slaves from all over the country gathered to enjoy Mistress C's inimitable hospitality, coming together to create one of the hottest events of the year.















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TABOO READERS RANT AND RAVE

It's your soapbox—please keep those letters coming!



INFLATION SENSATION

Couldn't take my eyes off Odette's pumped parts and puffed nips in *Emily and Odette—Inflated Expectations* (November 2012). Seeing all those fine erogenous zones pumped plump on her petite body stirred all lustful imaginings of what it would be like to sample such temptingly tenderized girl flesh. And Mistress Emily is such a fine-looking dom I couldn't imagine anyone better at prepping the pretty Ms. Odette for primed penetration. A most evocative layout from the ever-innovative Ken Marcus, and an excellent example of the exotic temptations of TABOO.

—Tim Hartwell, Chicago, Illinois

SEXY SPECS

As a guy who never misses a chance to make passes at girls who where glasses, I totally enjoyed November 2012's *Sophia—Stress Position*. Poor Sophia couldn't be more sweetly shamed than when put on display in her disheveled clothing. Her naughty-girl spanking seems just right for this prim miss, and the ultra-dirty packing of her ass, cruel clamping and humiliating pissing exhibition lead up nicely to the spectacular insertion of the big-balled butt-hook. Her look of mortification through it all is so much more effective with her lenses perched on her nose. They give her the girl-next-door appeal that makes me want to move to her neighborhood.



—F. James, Bakersfield, California



EXQUISITE TORTURE

Pony Gold's photo-feature *Tara and Mickey—Enhanced Interrogation* (November 2012) sets a new high-water mark for your fine publication. It would be hard to imagine a lovelier prisoner to question than Tara Lynn Fox, equally delectable enduring pain and pleasure. The realistic setting, fiendish application of electric shocks to her delicious anatomy and the superhard anal sex with her tormentor made for the kind of fiendish fantasies that keep this satisfied sadist up all night in every sense of the word.

—Allan G., Reno, Nevada



DOUBLE DUTY

We both want to thank you for including both Tristan Taormino's *Anal Advisor* and Nina Hartley's *Sub-Space* columns in your recent issues. Your magazine always inspires us with hot visuals, but as lifestyle BDSM players, we also appreciate your commitment to keeping us well-informed about the technical aspects of anal sex (one of our favorite things) and thoughtfully addressing the complex questions that inevitably arise in D/s relationships, as only Ms. Hartley can. Thanks for stimulating our minds as well as our other anatomical parts.

—Master Mike and slave georgina, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



FETISH FOCUS

TABOO'S KINK DU JOUR

RAGE FOR AGE

When it comes to BDSM, certain tastes will always make good kindling for ideological bonfires. So called "race play" certainly falls into that pile, but even more volatile material is the controversial yet popular enthusiasm for age play. Just mention the words and shudders soon lean to shouting about what the term means, what motivates its devotees and what implications, political and otherwise, it carries for kinksters of all kinds. Safe to say, many would prefer that it just disappeared. However, a quick look at any kink-driven social networking site makes it clear than not only is age play in no danger of disappearing, it obviously enjoys a large and dedicated following who will not be shamed into invisibility.

And depending on how the term is defined, their militancy is understandable. Few fetishes are less understood and more commonly denounced. The supposition among those squicked by it is that it's make-believe incest and molestation. Were that the case, it would still be defensible as fantasy role behavior among consenting adults. But the defense is not needed, as age play is really about something quite different from those deviations and much more attuned to the dynamic basic to BDSM—power exchange, just as those who get hard or wet from uniforms, traditional corporal punishment or interrogation scenes. The bones of age play are submission to a symbolic authority figure. In almost every society, age and authority are





inextricably linked, so if your thing is being helpless in the hands of a powerful figure, there is nothing particularly foreign or threatening about building that fantasy around a fantasized age differential.

Sexual age play itself does not involve sexual attraction to biologically underage people. Rather, when a consenting adult takes on the role-playing mindset of a young person, it is motivated by reexperiencing emotional states and social interactions of one's youth, which also happen to be pleasurable in a sexual context to the participants. For example, role-playing a "teacher/student," "daddy/daughter," "mother/son," "uncle/nephew," "coach/player" or "doctor/patient" theme during sexual activity may be common in sexual age play.

While role-playing as a younger person is common in sexual age play, participants may role-play together as if they were adults of an older fictitious age. Is there an edgy hint of fantasy incest in some of this activity? That's the elephant in the room taking a crap. Of course when you're talking about daddy's girls and self-described "littles," that dark undercurrent may be at work. But the players, as consenting adults, are no closer to their real-world counterparts than contemporary BDSM Masters and slaves are to the horrific realities of actual human trafficking. A woman of 30 in pigtails is still a woman of 30, just as a man with a whip who gives commands and punishes a consenting partner when disobeyed is not a plantation owner.

In fact, though much age play overlaps with BDSM and does involve disciplinary scenarios, there is a nurturing aspect to it as well that's often more affectionate and less harsh than the kind of kink-sex that doesn't elicit a blink of disapproval from scenesters in general. Those who like the idea of an older partner frequently experience a feeling of "safety" with a more mature player, while the older player may be attracted to the role of protector as well as that of disciplinarian. The age differential tends to emphasize the dependency of the person playing the younger part while underscoring the power of the party assuming the older role. It should go without saying that chronological age has nothing to do with this dynamic. Many "littles" are not significantly younger than their "daddies." They just like to pretend they are.

With age play come age-play-specific costumes and customs. Obviously, players will dress to fantasy-appropriate ages, whether in braids and ruffled panties or suits and ties, and their manner of address will sometimes include affected baby-talk or deliberately stern and correct academic speech. Spanking action often overlaps with age play, as do medical or institutional scenarios.



Even those who do not identify as age players incorporate the practice unconsciously into their other BDSM enthusiasms. Some submissives prefer older dominants not only based on a presumption of greater technical expertise acquired through experience, but also because they find it easier to submit to someone with a more worldly and commanding air implied by the extra years he or she carries. Some dominants prefer younger submissives not just for the obvious reason of finding a younger person more physically appealing, but as well for the sense that they are "instructing" or "shaping" a partner with an air of innocence, fewer preconceived ideas and fewer established preferences. It's an opportunity for both to start fresh each time with the freedom of being truly "at play" rather than going through the familiar motions of traditional power exchange.

In many cultures, age connotes power and youth connotes vulnerability, and at the root, these are the sources of age play's appeal. Though often castigated for what it is not, perhaps age play inspires a certain amount of resistance for what it is—a logical extension of power-exchange role-play based on pretend age disparity no different in kind from that based on any other fantasy constructed around the "authority" conferred by the adoption of certain fetish attire and ritualized behavior. That it may unintentionally play to the popular hysteria over the sexualization of minors is the fault of hysterics, not age players. If a girl wants her daddy, or mommy, and both parties are of consent age and not biologically related, they are no less entitled to the expression of their desires than any of the rest of us socially responsible pervs.







BEAUVOIR

THE APPLICANT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLOVER













The room is bare, grimy, comfortless, like me. My Examiner announces himself with a rough hand around my neck, a kick to the dirty floor, a vicious nipple-twist. Roped tight to the chair, cords from the biting labia clips are belayed to my toes. Wiggling them hurts me and makes me wet. He dipsticks me with the stiff prod, working an orgasm out of me easily. My arms are hoisted in a cruel strappado to make sure my elbows meet. I'm not surprised to feel his hard hand smash into my ass-flesh. I count the swats in a calm voice. The candle in my cunt is more frightening than painful, but the flickering flame at the end makes me want to keep very still. He lets it burn almost to the wick before snuffing it and cleaning the wax from my hole with the hard toy.

I've held my piss for hours, and now, secured over the chair, must loose it on command into a bowl without spilling a drop, knowing I'll have to drink it back up anyway. Filthy and dripping, striped from days of whippings, I'm suspended belly-down from the post, every muscle in my body agonizingly stretched. Moving in front of me, he unzips, and the serpent pops out in my face. Swinging in anguish as he skull-fucks me, I know I'll pass the test. But I hope it takes as long as possible. I want them to be as sure as I am that this is how and where I belong.












1/8"
3/16"









Anal Advisor

BY TRISTAN TAORMINO



DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,
As a longtime porno fan, I remember when I first saw anal sex performed in a movie featuring Vanessa Del Rio and John Leslie (which certainly dates me). In the years since, I've seen double-anal penetration, enemas, fisting, even the use of a horse speculum in someone's ass. I saw a scene where an apple was inserted into a woman's rectum, she then had her ass fucked, only to later expel the apple. Today I saw a scene that capped everything, but not in a good way. A woman was standing in a kitchen. She is naked and has a penis pump attached to her prolapsed rectum. Then another woman licks her prolapsed rectum. Much as I love anal sex, this is going a little far. What are your thoughts on such anal extremes?

—Afraid of XXX Excess

Dear Afraid:
I tracked down the film I think you're referring to (thanks to *iafd.com*): *Dominatrix Without Mercy*, circa 1976. I hear what you're saying, and it's difficult not to agree. Some pornographers—and performers—really love to push the envelope and see how far, literally, it will stretch. There was definitely a trend in gonzo (thankfully now on the wane) toward people doing extreme things just for the sake of doing them, rather than for more enjoyment or a better orgasm. I've seen gonzo movies that look more like episodes from MTV's *Jackass* than sex on film. At some point, people have to stop one-upping each other and return to the heart of what makes a good movie: enthusiastic performers having the kinds of sex they like with genuine chemistry and pleasure. I'd watch that any day over seeing someone's ass impaled with giant objects or squirting paint out of their butt.

Welcome to my column, *Anal Advisor*. I'm Tristan Taormino, author of *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women* and producer/director/star of the video of the same name. In addition to being a writer and editor, I teach sex workshops all over the world. I receive dozens of letters and e-mails daily about anal sex, and I love to share a few of those questions and answers with all of you. For more anal advice and adventures, check out my Web site, *PuckerUp.com*, and my reality porn series for Vivid called *Chemistry*.

DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,
I'm a 62-year-old woman in a longtime, loving marriage. My husband and I have engaged in anal sex almost from the beginning. In fact, it's been our primary way of making love. Of late, our anal dates often consist of me wearing a butt-plug over the course of a couple of hours, interspersed with some anal fucking to take things just to "the edge" without orgasm. We repeat this energizing sexual activity until we both finally explode! During the past few years, I've found having an enema first necessary to prevent things from getting messy. Perhaps because my body has changed with age, full, bag-and-nozzle enemas take longer and longer to complete, so I'm seeking possible alternatives. Perhaps I don't need to empty my whole bowel, just enough to prevent unwanted consequences. What goes in my ass during anal play are a couple of four-inch plugs and my husband's cock, which



is about six inches long. Do you think a disposable, store-bought enema would be sufficient for us? Also, would not eating for 12 hours before anal sex be beneficial?

—Carefree Senior Citizen

Dear Citizen:

I love getting letters from folks over 60 who tell me about their active, fulfilling sex lives! Not only are you an inspiration for me and others, you prove that sex, including anal, can continue to be a part of life well into those "senior" years. It sounds like you and your husband love anal sex, so I don't want you to give it up. I also don't want you to radically change your eating habits or fast before sex. Clearly, your body has changed, so you need to change your cleansing practices. You can absolutely try a syringe or douche-style enema similar to the kind you find in drugstores. But make sure you empty out the liquid that comes in the bottle and rinse it very well. Prepackaged enemas often contain a laxative you don't need. I'm also wondering if you're getting enough fiber in your diet, and if increasing it might help regulate you a little better.

DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

I am a 26-year-old man who's recently become more enthusiastic about stimulating my own ass. I purchased an Aneros prostate massager, and after some practice, I've been able to have some pretty great orgasms—hence my newfound eagerness to continue experimenting. Unfortunately, I have encountered one problem. When having an intense orgasm from anal stimulation, I experience a powerful need to urinate. This isn't like feeling a normal urge to pee. I've actually ended up pissing myself while orgasming. It can be anything from just a little squirt to a gusher. I've tried emptying my bladder before I start, but it doesn't seem to make much difference. Is there something wrong with my prostate? Should I talk to a doctor? Or am I more normal than I think? I'm still having a lot of fun, but I would prefer the ability to move the party out of the bathroom.

—Bound to the Bathtub

Dear Bound:

Many guys tell me that when their prostate is stimulated, they experience the urge to shoot their streams. Given the prostate's proximity to the bladder, this makes sense. Are you sure it's urine coming out? Some men report that prostate stimulation causes them to ejaculate only prostatic fluid, a milky liquid. Regular ejaculate is made up of prostatic fluid, semen and other secretions from the seminal vesicles, so what you may be noticing is the release of prostatic fluid. But if it is, in fact, urine, let me first say that it's difficult (but not impossible) for most men to pee when they have an erection. Some men do release a little urine during ejaculation, though that's uncommon. But if it's a lot of urine, incontinence in someone your age might be the sign of something more serious, so I would definitely talk to a doctor and possibly get a referral to a urologist. Better to make sure all the plumbing is in good working order before putting it to the test.

Photos from
Tristan Taormino's Advanced Guide to Anal Sex
Courtesy of Vivid Pictures









SOMA AND LARKIN

WHERE THE RUBBER MEETS THE ROD

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVE NAZ













Soma scares Larkin. But it's the luck of the draw in these live shows, and at least Larkin knows they make a fine couple in their spectacularly colorful latex costumes. The high-rolling crowd gets its money's worth just looking at them. Turned to face the padded wall, ass thrust out, Larkin feels Soma's spit run down her crack, the invasion of gloved fingers. Soma even gives her some tongue. But once the thick, strung, rubber balls begin popping past Larkin's tight rosebud, she remembers who she's with. On her knees, hands behind her back, she tastes the salt, rubber and dripping juices when Soma unzips the translucent cat suit. Soma's girl-cock is harder than any man's. Straddling the spanking bench, Larkin cringes, realizing that Soma wields the tool to hurt her inside as only a woman could. A few more pleasurably aimed strokes get Larkin singing, twitching and spasming, applause echoing through the dark room.

But then there's the price. Squatting wide, Larkin manages to fill the glass with pent-up piss, literally scared out of her. Opening her mouth on command, she gets the goblet of acrid urine right down her throat, from which it comes right back up in a choking, coughing flume that spews down her magnificent tits, now freed from their clinging imprisonment. The clapping and cheering only adds to her humiliation. Soma is such a bitch sometimes. Larkin makes a mental note to get her home number this time. Nobody else puts her in her place so well.









DANIKA

PRIME PERK

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LEE FORBES

Strapped in a hogtie on the fur rug next to the big bed, Danika makes a good first impression, pierced nips peeping out of her black bustier, pleading eyes gazing up at me. Nice whore make-up, lacquered nails, she's a most appealing toy. They want to make a good impression and so do I, with the twin-tailed viper whip laid out on the table. I ring-gag her first, even though I'm sure she doesn't bite, just to make her mouth a more convenient cock-socket. I like some sucking between stripes. She takes my length down her throat with hardly a choke, something at which she clearly excels. This tender morsel certainly











pinks up nicely. Danika prefers giving pleasure to taking pain, but thrusts her luscious ass out for the flogger anyway, whimpering melodically in time to the lashing. I catch her eyeing my hard slab longingly between her open thighs.

Danika will get that in due course, strapped wide on the bed, but not before I've done some mean things, some sick things, to her—like cropping her tits and thighs, and lancing her gash with the long-handled dildo. She pouts prettily at the betraying gleam on the end of it when I take it out. This one's going to be easy. Ankles secured overhead to her wrists, Danika presents a tempting banquet of orifices. I intend to use them all.

I like the hospitality at this exclusive little inn. It beats a basket of fruit any day.
















Please, Sir, may I have a real cock?
xxxooo Danika


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SUB-SPACE

BY NINA HARTLEY



TABOO'S Sub-Space is devoted to the experiences, questions and concerns of submissive women and the men (and women) who love them. In our continuing effort to give voices and faces to the love slaves of our dreams, we provide this forum for fem-sub BDSM players to share their most intimate secrets with TABOO readers. This month, XXX superstar Nina Hartley, who enthusiastically participates in BDSM play as both Domme and sub, offers her advice. She welcomes readers' queries for future installments.

DEAR NINA,

I'm a 29-year-old, recovering-geek female grad student finally coming into my sexuality. As a submissive with some dominant personality traits and zero fashion sense, I need advice on how to attract potential play partners. What tips men off that a woman is single, submissive and available? Are there styles of clothing, behavior, etc., that send the right signals, or others to avoid because they send the wrong ones? What would lead a desirable dom dude to check me out or steer clear?

—FemBot-in-Training, Chicago, Illinois

Dear FemBot:

First order of business is to go where the doms are. The Midwest is a hotbed of kinky social culture, so you're in luck. There are clubs and organizations in virtually every city from medium-size on up in your part of the country. Check the Internet and local alternative papers for times and locations. It also helps to have a kink-experienced guide along on your safari, so if you have a gal-pal who's already active in the community, bring her along, as she may be helpful in sorting the good prospects from the other kind.

In terms of clothing, het doms usually respond strongly to overt displays of feminine attributes. Your arsenal is large: corsets, push-up bras, heels as high as you can manage, stockings and garter belts, gloves, hats with veils, red lipstick, false eyelashes, silk, satin, velvet, leather, feathers and fur all tend to get their attention. Learn to slink in heels first (good balance, straight posture and a bit of hip-sway is the right mix), then experiment with the other elements until you create a Beyond-the-Valley-of-the-Ultra-femmes persona that makes you feel sexy, strong and ravishing. Avoid any that make you feel stupid, clumsy or unauthentic. You can fine-tune your presentation to say something about your own particular tastes. If you like the executive dom, find your version of the white-blouse-pencil-skirt-with-seamed-stockings-and-black-pumps ensemble for that secretary look. Librarian specs might be a good accessory. If you're a wenchy, former Renn-Faire girl wanting in search of swashbucklers or Barbary pirates, a corset with plaid skirt will broadcast your desire for a Celt in a kilt.

When it comes to signaling your single status, don't adorn your ring finger or wear a locking slave collar, which are Kryptonite to any ethical dominant player. You can sport a shackle ring on any other finger, however, which lets people know you're kinky.

A slender, nonlocking choker made of velvet is a nice compromise for the unmastered hopeful, and you may be able to find one to match your outfit at the pet store.

Behaviorwise, beyond being simply polite and not drunk, it's pretty easy to display submissive intentions once you've determined that you're not poaching on another slave's territory. Make brief eye contact before averting your gaze. You can call your prospect "Sir," but refrain from "Master" unless and



until he becomes yours. Keep good posture by standing tall and proud, knowing that he's paying attention to every part of you from every angle. Hands held in back are a strong signal. Feel good knowing that you're perfectly groomed all over, even if he doesn't see it all that night. It's never a bad thing to turn, bend and show your ass, the universal submissive gesture, especially if you've dressed to display it to best advantage. Add a wiggle with the smile and it's golden.

Practice until it feels natural, and don't shy away from asking other sub-chicks if they have any tips. Good luck and happy hunting.

DEAR NINA,

My husband and I are very new to this lifestyle and excited about all we're learning together. We have great vanilla sex, but we want to experience new things. We recently started playing with a flogger, something we were both eager to try. It hurt, but I loved it and it gave me a rush. He was very much into it as well. While whipping me he was more aroused than he'd ever been. Once we just had to start fucking, though, he almost immediately lost his hard-on and couldn't get it back. The same thing's happened three times since. After flogging me, he either loses wood or can't come. We've had conventional sex several times with no problems. We both like the whipping foreplay and want it to continue. What's up, or not, as the case may be?

—Almost There, Gainesville, Florida

Dear Almost:

It sounds as though you and your husband have hit a common speed bump on the road to expanding your sexual boundaries.

Likely it's a mental block on the part of your husband. Modern men have really been made uneasy about being their bad selves in the bedroom. First, there is the prohibition against "hitting" your wife. This is a positive social value overall but it doesn't help when it comes to kink. Since you say the flogger "hurt," try a different one. A flogger made of supersoft, heavy, deer leather with wide tails will work well. It's heavy enough to deliver the thump of a "hard" whipping, but it's nearly impossible to inflict pain with it. If the flogger you have leaves red marks, that may be upsetting to your husband at first. Since you like a bit of sting, don't be shy about letting him know, and as he gains confidence that he's not abusing you, the two of you can work up to more challenging instruments. He may also be experiencing guilt from discovering that he really likes what you've been trying. Hard cocks don't lie, and when you tell me he's never been more aroused than while giving you the lash, he may be experiencing cognitive dissonance between his desires and his principles. Learning to accept the brute within is the key to your husband connecting his pleasure from flogging you with the equally primal desire to fuck your brains out. The more eagerly you let him know that you welcome his aggressive desires, the easier it will be for him to accept them too.

Keep fucking as you figure out the right balance of kink-to-vanilla. I'm betting the boundaries will shift outward as he becomes more comfortable with something you both clearly crave.

Photos from
The Perfect Secretary—Training Day
Courtesy of Adam & Eve Pictures







PRIME PEE PIX POURED BY THE PAGE

URINATION NATION

Featuring BETTINA

Bettina provides liquid refreshment to the decadent Beverly Hills party in a most unusual form. Corsetted in rubber and posted in the glass-enclosed shower, she pisses at the command of the perverted revelers, streaming shamelessly to arouse their deviant appetites. For the finale of her performance, she squats over the glass bowl on the long table, exposed to their gazes and lewd fondlings, as she empties her bulging bladder into the crystal bowl. Having roused them with her dirty display, Bettina knows they'll be inspired to make the most depraved use of her. Nothing like a few shots of golden gush to prime their pumps.







LIGHT FANTASTIC

The fetish fever-dreams of Victor Lightworship challenge what we think we know about what turns us on.

Special Feature by ERNEST GREENE

Sinister sexual intensity, a sophisticated, eclectic mix of elements and scrupulous attention to technique are the hallmarks of Victor Lightworship's kink-sex photography, creating a phantasmagorical world all his own. His visions, combining Eastern and Western styles of bondage, unpredictable and almost Hitchcockian narrative details, models of otherworldly beauty in situations of sinister menace, and unconventional settings that seem to stand outside of time or place, could justly be described as inimitable. Products of a complex and vivid imagination, all are executed with careful precision balanced by an edgy sensibility that leaves the viewer wondering what happens next in the artist's skewed, perverse alternative reality.

Lightworship himself looks more like a refugee from a physics lab than a lascivious lensman. Personable, witty and unabashed, he often appears in his own photographs, acting out scenarios representative of his unpredictable sensibilities. He was good enough to share his thoughts as well as his visual inspirations with us for a recent interview as full of surprises as Mr. Lightworship's work itself.

SHOOTING CLOSE-UPS OF THE ANGUISH ON HER FACE, I FELT MY COCK GET HARD. IT TOOK ME BY SURPRISE. I THOUGHT TO MYSELF, "WOW MAN, YOU REALLY ARE A SADISTIC FUCK!"

HT: Your work is very personal and highly evolved. How did it get there?

VL: I found some black-and-white photographs my father took in Japan while a photographer in the Navy. In one of them, tiny dolls acted out a scene in which a dominant male towered over a submissive female. I couldn't stop looking at it. Pop went on to become a professional photographer after the Navy. When I got to high school he built me my first darkroom. I was that kid you never saw without a camera around his neck.

HT: Why BDSM?

VL: After graduation from a cookie-cutter commercial arts school back in the late '80s, I led an unfulfilling life chasing dollars, shooting photos for *Women's Wear Daily* and ads for Miller Beer. To combat the monotony, I went to underground nightclubs and shot fashion shows by unknown designers. One night I said to one of the models, "Look, what do you say we go back to my place, take off all your clothes, tie you up and take your picture?" I couldn't believe it when she said yes! I had never really tied up a girl before. I hogtied her like I'd seen cowboys do on the *Wide World of Sports*, threw the rope over the beam of my studio ceiling and PULLED. It didn't take much to get looks of pain and discomfort. Shooting close-ups of the anguish on her face, I felt my cock get hard. It took me by surprise. I thought to myself, "Wow man, you really are a sadistic fuck!" Pulling the negatives off the developing reel and holding them up to the light, I found a passion I had never felt in my photography before. I began seeking out Secret Room SM parties, gaining the trust of the players.

HT: What was the essential appeal?

VL: Who doesn't want a sex slave to use any way you wish as a toy? I think people who say they don't are lying. And there are also those who enjoy being the sex object, giving up all responsibility for a while to just serve. If it's consensual, everyone gets what he or she wants and needs.

HT: You have a remarkable eye for correct kink detail.

VL: My best friends are the greatest kinky visual artists there are: Dave Naz, Steve Diet Goedde, Octavio WinkyTiki, Ed Fox, Eric Kroll and Mykal Binds. I watch, I learn, I ask questions. I'd like to think they learn from me as well. I also have a voracious appetite for bondage imagery. I consume books and magazines and cruise the Internet for visual inspiration. I dis-

Photography by Victor Lightworship



sect every image I see, cataloging what's erotic about it, mistakes I want to avoid and clichés I don't want to repeat.

HT: You have a knack for getting authentic reactions from your models.

VL: I reach into the frame and squeeze! Before I learned to do that I had some awfully bored-looking models. I don't think they look bored anymore! In a lot of bondage photography, the models look like they're thinking about what to buy at the grocery store. Grab them by the back of the head, pinch a nipple, and that look goes away! I've got the greatest job in the world. I drive around fantasizing about what sick and twisted things I'd like to do to beautiful girls. I'll be lying in bed when my eyes pop open and I say, "I wanna shove a sake bottle up Yuki Mori's twat!" Boom! A Lightworship photo-shoot is born. The best part is at the end of the day when the model I've been menacing gives me a big hug and asks when we can shoot again.

HT: You do a lot of clothed-man-naked-woman scenarios.

VL: If you really want to make a woman vulnerable, take away all of her clothes and don't take any of yours off. The effect is amplified if you're wearing a suit and tie. I can see it in their eyes. It's especially sexy if you're outside and she has nowhere to run. She knows that she must comply with your every whim if she ever wants to see her panties again.

HT: Your costuming, where it exists, is offbeat in general. The guys look like SWAT teams from the Geek Squad.

VL: My girlfriend, Sujon, and I have fun searching for items online and at thrift stores. I know some girl will look good tied up in them. Conservatively dressed women are the



most fun to play with.

HT: What qualities do you look for in a submissive model?

VL: Some girls have the ability to look sweet, innocent and scared all the time. That makes me want to throw them down on the floor and fuck them—with their consent of course.

HT: The passion is obvious, but very meticulously rendered.

VL: My shoots are like movies in a way. I spend days visualizing exactly how they will play out. Before I go into the studio, I know how the model will be tied, what toys and objects will go where and how it will all be lit. I type it all up and print it out like a script to make sure I don't get so excited I forget the details. I plan everything from finding the perfect panties for the model to booking the right location to obtaining sadistic toys and props from The Stockroom. I work out the model's look with my fabulous makeup artist, Tegan. If all these details aren't perfect, it's just another boring, pseudo-SM set. I might as well break out a pair of handcuffs.

HT: How did you get to be so adept at rigging bondage?

VL: It wasn't easy at first. There wasn't any Internet to Google *shibari*. I just did what felt and looked good to me, if not to the models. Then I started working with riggers like Damon Pierce who inspired me to learn. Fortunately, I was able to strike a deal with Mykal Binds. He doesn't call himself a rope master, but if he isn't I don't know who is. Learning to lift someone off their feet in rope is one of the most powerful feelings I've ever experienced. I enjoy a good box tie with a partial suspension, too. The submissive's arms are tied behind her back and the ropes are wrapped around her breasts, squeezed together and jutting upwards. Then I can take one leg and tether it up off the ground so that she's completely convenient for any penetration I desire. And to me there's nothing more beautiful than the sound of a nice, plump bottom taking a barehanded spanking. Timing the shot just right, I get that ripple in the ass plus the contortion of the subject's face.

HT: You must get some surprising responses from your talent.

VL: Shooting Yuki Mori's pee shot for TABOO's July 2012 issue was the first time I'd done one with the girl six feet off the ground in full rope suspension. I consider myself pretty good at estimating a girl's "range," and I spread out a bunch of plastic and newspaper with a big glass bowl to catch most of the piss. Yuki is a tiny, quiet and demure Asian, and at first there was just a trickle. I yelled at her not to hold back, just let me have it. Suddenly, the trickle turned into a fire hose! Me, my girlfriend and my assistant clambered back with me still shooting. With her pussy six feet up in the air and the stream flying horizontally at a velocity I never would have imagined, Sujon and my assistant got out of the way and I got hit. It just kept going and going and going like something out of a *National Lampoon* movie.

HT: What defines a great BDSM image?

VL: I enjoy an image that makes me feel like an undetected voyeur. Beautiful lighting is also very important to me. I need the atmosphere presented as one I'd like to play in. There has to be a dynamic bond between captor and captive that can be seen and understood immediately. When a photograph makes me feel dirty for looking at it, I'm impressed.

HT: You sometimes work in black-and-white, which is unusual in the digital era.







VL: Black-and-white is my first love. I rarely think a bondage photograph looks better in color. At first I felt I was betraying my roots by shooting black-and-white digitally. But people gave up shooting on glass plates to shoot on film. I move forward and try to remember all the very important aesthetics I learned about shooting on film.

HT: If you had unlimited resources available, what scenario would you shoot?

VL: I'd buy a beautiful, traditional house high in the mountain forests of Japan and stock it with 18 ridiculously beautiful Japanese girls celebrating their 18th birthdays. I'd shoot intricate *shibari* scenes both inside the home's naturally lit rooms and outside in the vast gardens with my vintage 8x10 Deardorff camera. I'd invite my favorite photographer, Nobuyoshi Araki, to swing by and help me terrorize…um…I mean photograph, all the pretties. After the sun went down and all the pretties were exhausted from being molested all day, Master Araki and I would retire to the darkroom to drink sake and make enormous fiber-base prints till dawn.

HT: Any hints about what TABOO readers may find in upcoming pictorials from Victor Lightworship?

VL: Keep your eyes open for my rope bondage book coming soon! Until then you can keep up with me online at *lightworship.com*, *lightworship.tumblr.com*, *fetlife.com/users/1017097*, *lightworship.deviantart.com* and *twitter.com/lightworship.* I enjoy hearing what people think of my work, so don't be shy! I simply ask that you please keep your play safe and consensual and your downloads legal!









PROXY AND ALEX

STANDARD FOR SERVICE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVE NAZ









Proxy's proud to be whored out by her Master, but she's still nervous, naked, nip-clamped and collared receiving a stranger at the door. There are no limits in her contract and she will do what's demanded, starting with some monster skull while roped into a chair. Proxy has no gag reflex and swallows the stranger's thick cock to the root, sliding her septum ring up and down the shaft for that extra tickle she gives so cleverly. Feeling his fingers up her ass, made to suck the lube off them, she knows just where he's going. Master likes to brag about his anal slave.

The stranger takes full advantage, using her pussy only for torture with more clamps as he takes his time reaming her well-trained ass-pipe with his massive member. He's got a few tricks of his own, toying with her agonized parts until she comes hard and long, sphincters clenching around his rigid rod. Then it's back to her mouth, slimy and tasting of her secretions. Knowingly rolling her eyes up at him, she feels the pulsing squirts at the back of her gullet. But he's not done with her. In the bathroom, he stuffs her backside with the thickest nozzle to flush her out so she'll be clean for her Master's use when he returns. Well, not quite clean. Sitting her down on the toilet, he hoses her down with his urine, marking his territory so he'll know she's been properly used. As always, Proxy's service is beyond reproach.





















COLOR HER SCARLETT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRESH MEDIA











When Scarlett greets me all in white with a shy expression, I know she's got sins to confess. They don't amount to much—an overdrawn bank account will do. I grab her wrists, yank her panties down under her skirt and apply my hand vigorously to her pert, wriggling backside. She plays it tough at first, gritting her teeth at the repeated splat of flesh on flesh. The tears will come soon enough. The rude intrusion of my fingers finds her pussy weeping already. She's even greased up her butt in anticipation, hardly something a good girl would do. Now her face is as red as her ass. Clearly, she deserves to take the rest of her chastisement naked.

A very different Scarlett now begs on her knees for her just deserts. She demonstrates her sincerity by respectfully mouthing my cock, even while I lay the doubled belt down hard over her smooth, upturned ass cheeks. Nicely warmed overall, she scrambles into position, offering me a pleasingly steady target. Rigidly still, face transported in an ecstasy only she truly understands, Scarlett's moans grow louder with each blazing stripe of the whippy rattan. I don't let up until she pleads to be fucked in her tiny rear entrance. Something about a good thrashing seems to make her insatiably anal. Even a scalding jizz injection leaves her hungry to suck out the last spurts from my cock. This surely earns her the right to be consoled with a few "licks" of the other kind.

That's my Scarlett: Great when she's good, but when she's bad, she's irresistible.







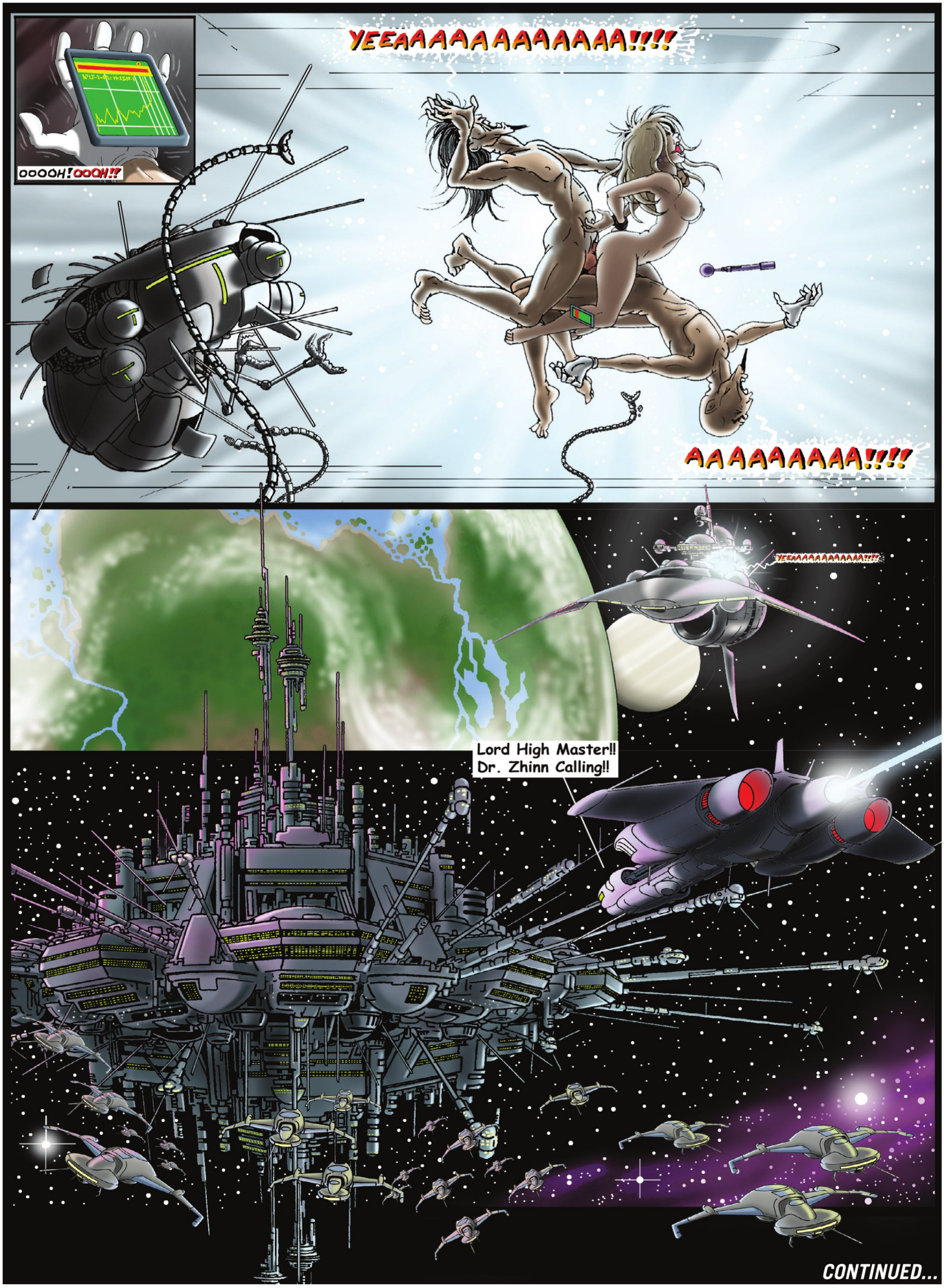





Heh He He...DR. Zhinn!! Seem to have discovered some of this exotic "energy" Lord High Master mentioned, Hmmm??
UHHH!! UHHH!!
UuuuuGhhh!!!
Little Slave-Whore did not make ME cum!! You little BITCH!! HERE!
Uuuuhhhhhgghhh!!
Uhh! YES!! Ooh..YES YES PRIME!!! It IS INDEED!!
YEEEEEEA!!!
PRIME!! PLEASE!
K-K2ZZFT!
This data indicates we are VERY CLOSE!! GIVE me that WAND!!
She should be fucked in both orifices and wand stimulated at a lower modified frequency! Bring her on top of my COCK!
DRAGONSABRE
CONQUEST
ROBERTS


UUUUUU!!!
Ahh! Yes! Yess!! Mmm!! Oh YES! Readings are IMPROVING now..
NN-NNN!!
Fear..Erotic Excitement..
UUU!!!
Full Penetration...
Hard FUCKING!!
OOUF!!
UGHK!
K-KZZZT!
Then add stimulation..
UUUGH!
Ahhh..Yes!!
K-KZZZT!


OOOUUUUU!!!
Ooh!! Dr. Zhinn!! OH!! oh YES..OOH!! OOH!!
K-KZZZFT!
Yess!!!
Mmmm!!!
UU! UUUU!!!
K-KZZZFT!
Yess!!!
Oh MY!! OH! YESS!! OOH!
OOO..U...!!!
HMMMM!
Yess!! That's IT!! YESSS!!! OOH!! We're ALL going to..
..to..ooooh...MY!!!


YEEAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!
OOOOH! OOOH!?
AAAAAAAAA!!!!
YEEAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!
Lord High Master!!
Dr. Zhinn Calling!!
CONTINUED...



A hush falls over the small, select crowd when the spotlight hits Kimberly, roped rigidly upright, completely naked, to the cold steel punishment chair. Ankles tied back to spread her open, she's completely on display, but that's only the beginning of her performance. In the hands of the *shibari* Master, her long limbs are cinched and contorted to expose her shamefully, her holes probed with hard toys to demonstrate their availability. Finally suspended sideways in midair, she swings helplessly as they close in to take full advantage of her vulnerability.

Ambrosia Rose dabbles in the dark arts, believing herself the reincarnation of a medieval witch. But where witches go, inquisitors follow, and she has her very own, who visits her regularly, binding her naked flesh for mortification to purge her of her sins. Scrubbed with rough brush, yoked and lashed, penetrated fore and aft by wooden prods, Ambrosia must expiate her sins on her knees, serving the inquisitor with the magic of her mouth.

These are just appetizers for the banquet of perverse delights we'll spread for you next time, along with more delicious damsels in distress, more pulchritudinous pee queens, more sage slave suggestions from Nina Hartley and tush-tingling tips from Anal Advisor Tristan Taormino, and an ultraexplicit profile of one of the hottest, kinkiest new BDSM babes in the business. The pleasure of your company is welcome at our feast of the flesh.



COMING NEXT MONTH IN

HUSTLER'S TABOO®

JANUARY ISSUE
ON SALE NOVEMBER 27, 2012